Or biterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deſerues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable ſhunnes your high requeſt,
Firſt if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the Crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet ſo much is my pouertie of ſpirit,
So mightie and ſo many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie ſea,
Then in my greatneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmothered:
But God be thanked theres no need for me,
And much I neede to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the ſtealing houres of time,
Will well become the ſeate of maieſtie;
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay, what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie ſtarres,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.
Buc. My Lord, this argues conſcience in your grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay that *Edward* is your brothers ſonne,
So ſay we too, but not by *Edwards* wife;
For firſt he was contracted to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues, a witneſſe to that vow,
And afterwards by ſubſtitute betrothed
To *Bona*, ſiſter to the King of *France*,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widdowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt dayes,
Made priſe and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To baſe declenſion and loathed bigamie,
By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This *Edward*, whome our manners terme the Prince:
More bitterly could expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie?
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of a buſing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.
Mai. Do good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſute.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape thoſe cares on me,
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie:
I doe beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the childe your brothers ſonne,
Aſwell we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you except our ſute or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhall neuer raigne our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the throne,
To the diſgrace and downefall of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds, Ile intreat no more.
Glo. O do not ſweare my Lord of *Buckingham*.
Cat. Call them againe, my Lord and accept their ſute.
Ano. Do, good my Lord, leaſt all the land doe rew it.
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them againe, I am not made of ſtones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoule,
Coſen of *Buckingham*, and you ſage grauemen,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I muſt haue patience to endure the loade;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.14) Octavo